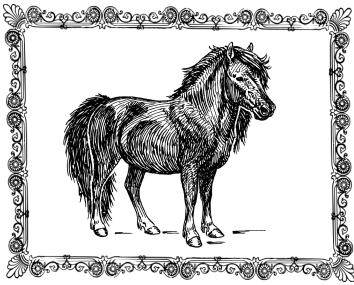


Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay to mould me Man ? Did I solicit thee from darkness to promote me ? --



Happiness Pony

WORCESTER ; or, The New England Prometheus.

HAPPINESSPONY.COM

SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 2013.

A GIFT.



Not just a Nobel Prize.

Sure, Albert Camus won the 1957 Nobel Prize for Literature. And some people think that makes him a 20th century dinosaur. But when confronted with the apparent meaninglessness of life and the constant struggle it requires, you could do worse than have this intellectual T. Rex in your corner.

Camus. As relevant as ever. Now 10% off with this ad.

sketch courtesy Petr Vorel

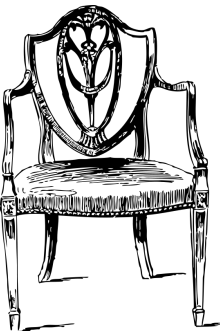
Wikipedia "Talk Pages" You Should Be Following

- Macaroni and Cheese
- Sandwich
- The Tooth Fairy



The Diggers
Landscaping Cooperative
A worker cooperative specializing in all landscaping both fine and sundry. Also permaculture.
(774) 314-7DIG

Crompton Collective



An artisan and antique mall.
138 Green Street, Worcester.
CromptonCollective.com

Destroy All Monsters

How do the denizens of Worcester envisage their destruction? And what monster will destroy us? Our collective eschatological wet dreams are more Jungian shadow than we'd like to admit.

Worcester, like Icarus, destroys itself between two opposites; memory (water), and ambition (the sun). The mummy punishes us for exploring the past. Skynet punishes us for exploring the future. When we play in the tombs that are our post-industrial factories, we can be punished for disturbing the Elder Gods of industry: lead, asbestos, and collapsing floors. Worcester's bio-medical industry toys with life, and WPI is building men of metal.

Everyone blames Worcester for being Worcester, like Frankenstein's monster, but who's the real monster? Doctor Frankenstein himself. The people who created Worcester, who revile it, are the real problem! Worcester's just misunderstood, the crudely-reanimated corpse of an industrial city, trying to cobble together a coherent self from the memory in its old buildings, as chaotic as miscellaneous organs plucked from the anatomical free bin, trying to fashion a history from its physiological diaspora, this transplanted heart of our commonwealth. (Asa Needle)



The Marx Father

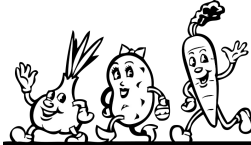
Simon Marx was born in 1859 in Mertzwiller, French Alsace. While the fate of Mertzwiller was to be annexed by Germany in the Franco-Prussian war, the fate of Simon Marx was to become the father of children who would lie about him on an international stage.

Simon, known as "Frenchie" Marx, was the father to Chico, Harpo, Groucho, Gummo, and Zeppo. While much is known about his wife Miene "Minnie" Marx, who gave birth to and managed the Marx Brothers, little is known for certain about Frenchie, because the Brothers turned the bare facts of his life into a series of running jokes that bordered on legend.

Harpo claimed that Frenchie was such a bad tailor that he never bothered to measure his clients, and periodically gathered those suits customers had rejected and sold them door-to-door in New Jersey. Groucho said that Frenchie could not help but be a terrible tailor, what with Chico always pawning the family shears to pay off gambling debts. One account even has Chico pawning a gargantuan customer's pants.

However, based upon the extensive census research of Simon Louvish, the Marx family lived in an upper middle class neighborhood for 14 years, hardly the sort of apartment a failing tailor could have maintained. What little we know for sure about the Marx Father is that he was a great cook, raised some hilarious kids, and died of renal failure in 1933. (Shane Capra)

Belmont Vegetarian Restaurant



Worcester's best vegan eatery.
Tues-Sat 11AM-8PM
157 Belmont St, Worcester, Mass.

[A rabbi of the twelfth century] tells the story of the building of the Tower of Babel, and he says that to build the Tower of Babel bricks had to be made. This meant making the mud, bringing the straw, mixing them ... then, in the oven, and when the brick was made it had to be hoisted up, to build the Tower of Babel. Every brick was a treasure, for all the work it took to make. When a brick fell, it was a national tragedy, and that worker guilty of breaking it was punished. But if a worker fell, nothing happened: it was something else. This still happens today: if investments in banks drop a little, it's a tragedy! But if people are starving, if they have nothing to eat, if they are not healthy, it does not matter! This is our crisis today!

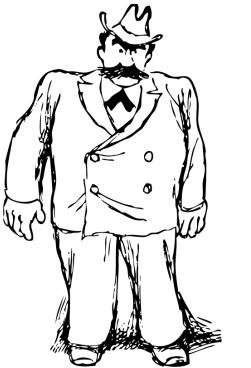
Pope Francis

"Mothers News"
IT IS A
NEWSPAPER.
mothersnews.net

508:

a show about Worcester

7pm Fridays on
cable channel 13



CLASSIFIED ADS

ART, FROM BICYCLES

Amanda Kidd Schall.
amandakiddschall.com

BOOKS, YIDDISH+ENGLISH

Not In The Same Breath by
Zackary Sholem Berger: 1/3 Yiddish,
1/3 English, 2/3 Pretty Pictures.
bit.ly/NITSBAAmazon

Cat In The Hat and Curious
George in Yiddish. yiddishcat.com

MUGS, TIKI

Scallywag Ceramics. Exotic curiosities.
scallywagceramics.com

A Turtle Boy of one’s own.



The “Boy with a Turtle” statue behind City Hall is no doubt Worcester’s greatest symbol. We have created a 3-dimensional digital model of the Turtle Boy that can be printed on a 3D printer. Or, you can order your own 3 ¾-inch tall Turtle Boy statuette. For more details, please visit: landlubber.com/turtleboy

Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker Community

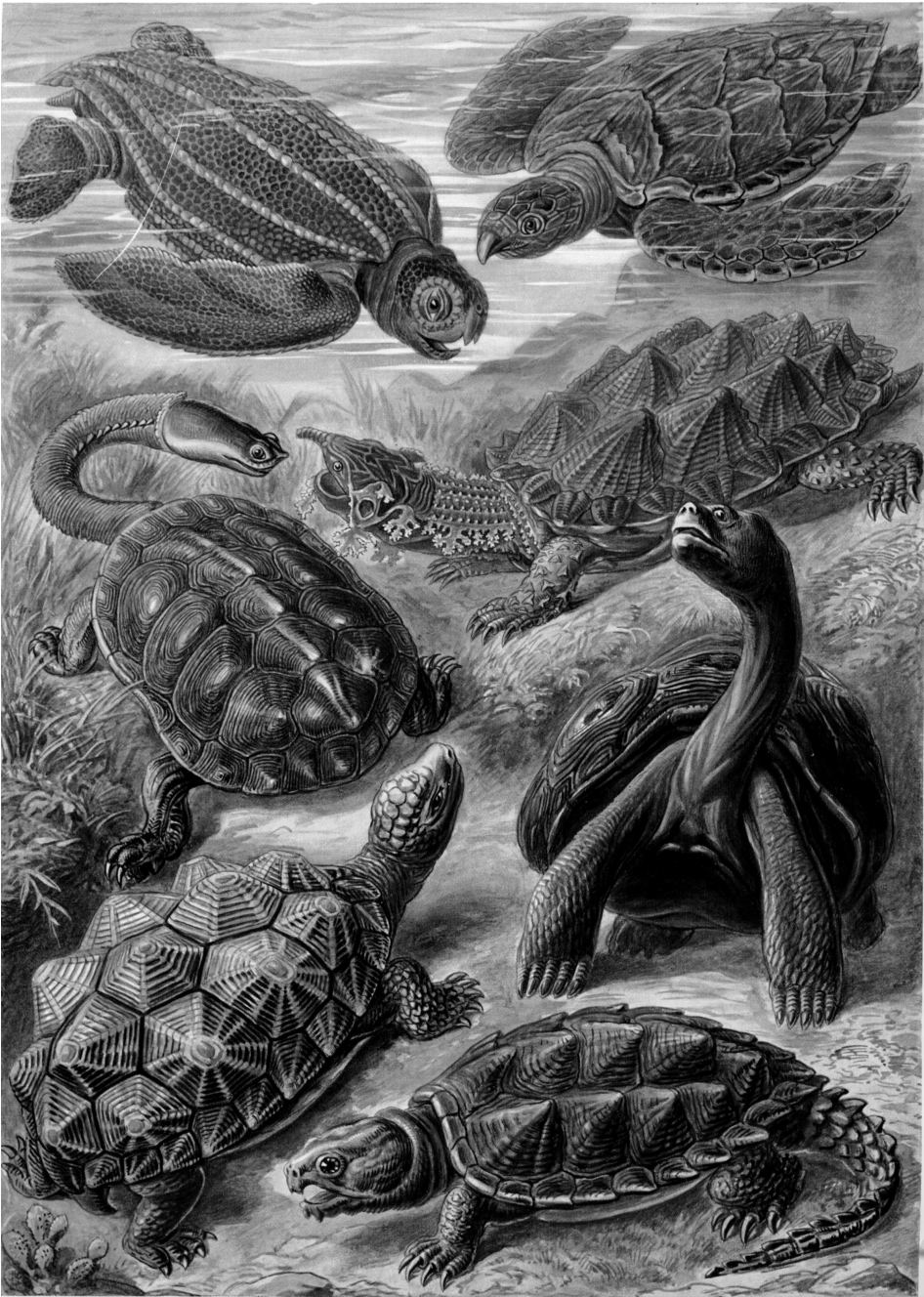


Performing the works of mercy and opposing the works of war. 52 Mason Street, Worcester. 508-753-3588

THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

“Will you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail.
“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?
“You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!”
But the snail replied “Too far, too far!” and gave a look askance —
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.
“What matters it how far we go?” his scaly friend replied.
“There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France —
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?”

Lewis Carroll, from “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland.” Art by John Tenniel, 1865.



Turtle Tears

Which came first: the turtle or the sea? Fishermen tell stories of sea turtles weeping as they nest, grieving for the young they leave behind to live or die. Others say turtle tears are an evolutionary adaptation that allows them to drink seawater. They swim around in the sea, and need to rid themselves of all that salt. So they cry it out. When nesting, they dig holes, spreading sand everywhere. The hyper-saline substance acts as a viscous shield, protecting the eye. “Oh, just a little something in my eye,” said Turtle. We don’t believe that! Turtle tears are clearly a sign of something more. Why else would their tear glands be larger than their brains? Are turtles the heartbroken wanderers of the sea? Or is the sea itself formed from their tears? *(Words by Jen and Kayti Burt. Art by Ernst Hæckel, 1904.)*

The Brony Movement

I am an 18-year-old straight male, and I am in love with the show “My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic.” I am one of those fans who calls himself a brony. We are outside of the target demographic yet are major fans of the show. Typically bronies are males in their late teens or early twenties. There is plenty of brony art inspired by the show, whether music, comics, fanfiction, animation, or plush dolls. I myself am soon to purchase a plushie of my own of my favorite pony, Rainbow Dash. In my two years as a brony I’ve made friendships and had some amazing experiences all thanks to the show. As one brony told me, “The brony community is a great place to be. We’re all accepting of each other and it gives everypony, the socially awkward, to popular, a place to be ourselves and thrive.” I am a proud to be part of the brony movement. Should you ever come across a brony, I hope you will show him the respect and kindness that the show itself teaches. *(Words and art by Aiden Duffy.)*

RAW Fitness



We don't use machines—we make them!
88 Webster Street, Worcester.
(508) 340-5158



At Union Station
Give a book - Take a book

HX Library



Burnt books from across the city. Science fiction & unconventional politics. Across from Diamond Chevrolet. Moving to Stone Soup in November.



HAPPINESS PONY Income Statement May 2013	
Revenue	
Donations from editors	\$47.50
Ad sales	\$0.00
Other donations	\$0.00
Expenses	
500 copies	\$42.50
Test copies	\$5.00
Net Income	
	\$0.00
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editor@happinesspony.com	